

A BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE

Such Will Be the New Castle Hall Soon to Be Erected in Indianapolis.

The Tournament and Competitive Drill, July 4, to take place—It will be a Grand Affair—Liberal Prizes to Be Awarded.

The tournament and competitive drill to be given on July 4 at Armstrong's Park, North Indianapolis, by the Uniformed Rank Knights of Pythias will be for the benefit of the Castle Hall Association which has in charge the erection of a building which will be one of the largest and finest in this city and will add greatly to the architectural beauty of Indianapolis. This building is to be erected on the corner of Pennsylvania street and Massachusetts avenue, opposite Wyandotte block and the Denison House, and will displace the

well-known Wood residence, which has so long been a noted landmark. The building will be a handsome brick, with stone trimmings, seven full stories in height, surrounded by a main tower with turrets, battlements and battlements and characterized by the architecture peculiar to fortresses of the days of medieval chivalry. The building will be a beautiful novelty and at the same time a substantial addition to the hall, office and business needs of this city as interiorly it will have all modern conveniences.

The castle will probably be begun next fall and pushed forward toward completion in order to be in readiness to entertain the Knights of Pythias National Encampment, two years hence, every inducement in the meantime to be made use of to get that body to meet at that time in this city. This would bring many thousands of people to Indianapolis and afford such a grand street procession as this city has never known.

It is expected that the fund will be materially strengthened by the tournament to be held at Armstrong's Park, at which \$800 will be given in prizes, for which will compete divisions of the Uniform Rank from New Albany, Lafayette, Kokomo, Vashaw, Anderson, Connersville, Richmond, Logansport, Fort Wayne, New Castle and other points, the contest being open to all the Uniformed Ranks, K. of P., in the State.

Patriotism, military circumstance and parade will concentrate at Armstrong's Park on the Fourth, and there will be a grand mingling of the national red, white and blue, with the knightly line, yellow and red of the Pythian brotherhood. The balloon ascension that was to have taken place at Fairview Park will take place at Armstrong's Park, where there will also be a day fireworks, a parachute drop and various athletic sports. The feature of the afternoon will be a prize drill, which will conclude with a dress parade in which will take part several companies of militia, the cantons of Patriarcha Militant, Knights of St. John, Knights of Father Mathew, Webster Zouaves, and U. K. Knights of Pythias, constituting as fine a military display as the city has ever seen.

Armstrong's Park is a choice place for an entertainment of this kind as there are sixty acres in the inclosure most of which is well wooded. The drill ground has been prepared with special care and is pronounced to be nearly perfect for the purpose. Around almost every tree in the park circular seats have been arranged, and it will be a delightful place for those who desire a family picnic on that day.

A station has been prepared at the park similar to that at Fairview and transfers will be given on the Fourth connecting all lines with North Indianapolis and this park.

of the Alabama-street line of "molecular" motion are of opinion that Jordan in competition with that line would drop into second place. The cobble stones like the wonderful "walking stones" told of in the story by Hans Christian Andersen, seem possessed of life. At any rate, aided by the foot-beats of the nimble-footed mule, these stones wander out on the highway commencing to the car an undulatory impression like unto that imparted to a gravel wagon by a corduroy boulevard.

The element of canine surprise gave a mirthful turn to a runaway on Illinois street one day last week. George Townley's horse took fright and the driver lost control of him. He dashed away to the north at a terrific gait, leaving the owner behind. Two hunting dogs had been tied to the axle in the rear, but one managed to get loose. The other was tied with a strap and had neither to keep up or slide. He, no doubt, wondered what the hurry was, and would occasionally be jerked off his feet and be dragged along head over heels. Yelping in distress brought out a number of spectators, but no help. As far as the eye could follow the horse held his free and violent course, and when at last the horse came to a halt the vehicle was but slightly damaged. The dog was cut and bleeding wounds were visible and a discouraged look. It is surmised he did not appreciate in this instance the pleasures of the "chase."

An excitable young man on an inbound Irvington car afforded the rest of the passengers considerable amusement last Sunday. He was sitting next to the barred side of the car as it approached the Belt crossing. There is a grade there, and the car was going at a good speed, but still under control. He suddenly saw a locomotive approaching. He apprehended that the engine and car would collide on the crossing. With one lunge he started the passengers by bursting through the wooden strips and went sprawling to the ground upon his hands and knees. Just then the car stopped at a safe distance. His precipitation and needless leap together with the surprise and absence of injury provoked every one to exceeding mirth. The frightened and now very embarrassed youth returned to his seat, pinning up the rent in his trousers, rubbed the bruised shins and rode to the city in silence.

The street railroad company continues perfectly oblivious to the fact that the daily trundling of its manure cars through the principal streets of the city is an offensive thing that is wholly unnecessary and seems to be continued by the company in a spirit of "the public be damned." These cars, if run over the tracks at all, should be run at times when there is no passenger travel. This offense is in the nature of a nuisance and the Board of Public Health should direct the attention of the City Council to the matter.

"Flower is the man to nominate," said patrolman Frank Giblin, in a fit of politics. "He has the money, and it's money that counts. If he would spend \$250,000 to be elected Governor of New York, how much do you suppose he would let go of to be President? I'm for Flower. It's just like I heard Sam Coo say: 'You can't run for office without money. Get me the money and I will get you the votes.'"

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

Low, Flat Land.
Thar wuz a feller uv the name uv Brown,
He lived 'bout a mile and a half from town;
An' this yer feller he wuz powerful rich,
In the month, fer his crops wuz liken fer to
Bekaze his 80 wate low, flat land.

His very midriff hit aked and pained
As he noticed how the weather rained,
An' he dratted so his corn'd be drained,
An' his corn wuz yellier an' the weeds they
An' the tadpoles threatened fer to take his land.

If a cloud come up no bigger'n a gourd,
Why that wuz enuf an' hit ripped an' roared
'S ef all the water 'at ever'd ben stored
Sens Noah's days had suddenly poured
On that mile'able 80 wate low, flat land.

The weather bared hit wate all in a min,
An' 'twixt uv gittin' better the weather got wuss,
An' Brown 'lowed he wouldn't raise nothin' but
Ley, an' he didn't do nothin' but cuss
An' moan around the size of that low, flat land.

But Misses Brown she uzen fer to smile,
An' she uzen fer to say that hit twant wuth
Fer a human fer to let that temperment spile
When Providence wanted fer to loobekize the stile
An' drapa little water on that low, flat land.

An' so while Brown he poked an' shumped
His wife she want a partik'l stump,
An' into the field this woman she jumped,
An' all summer long she fairly humped
Hers to make a crop on the low, flat land.

An' when the corn-rather time come around,
Instid uv them crops sittin' kivered up and
drownd
Thar wuz 60 to the akker on that low, flat ground,
An' the wate wuz beeked beeked as how he'd
found
Hit wuz more in the wate than hit wuz in the
land.

—How'd uv Singleton Taylor.
O sing of a scudding sky in June—
He who can sing it sweet—
When the vixen of Gossamer all abroad,
Ten million in the fleet;
Nor mightiest hand in all the land
Can stay one snowy sheet.

The oriole and the bobolink
Fling challenge to the quail;
The clover nods to the milkweed pods,
And the daisies dot the swale;
The song of the rose on light wing goes
And sweetens all the gale.

Al! fair is the green world underneath!
But O for the blue above!
To leave the grass and lightly pass,
As the pinion of a dove,
To the snowy boat that seems to float
To the haven of my love!

Then hey for a scudding sky in June,
Then the world is fresh and sweet,
When the vixen of Gossamer all abroad,
Ten million in the fleet;
Nor mightiest hand in all the land
Can turn one flying sheet!

—Outing for June.
In Glad Weather.
I do not know what skies there were,
Nor if the wind was high or low;
I think I heard the branches stir
A little when we turned to go;
I think I saw the grasses wave
As if they tried to kiss your foot—
And yet, it seems like yesterday,
That day together, sweet!

I think it must have been in May;
I think the sun must have shone;
I know a scent of Springtime lay
Across the fields; we were alone.
We went together, you and I,
How could I look beyond your eyes,
If you were only standing by,
I did not miss the skies!

I could not tell if evening glowed,
The morning heat lay white and still
Beyond the shadows of the road;
I only watched your face, until
I felt the wind was coolest day,
The sweetest day that summer knew—
The time when we two stole away
And I saw only you!

—Charles B. Going.
Yesterday.
There were blossoming roses and cloudbreaks,
The freshness and fragrance of summer rain,
Love unspoken in tender eyes,
To stir and stir and stir.

There were frost and trumpet and flying mist,
Short, sharp, hurried beauty the snow,
Lips in longing and anguish kissed—
A dream, the sweetest that life may know.

To-day: What matters the dull to-day,
Morning, or noon or its evening?
Through the hours in their passing the heart al-
ways
Shall cherish only what fate denied.

Mary H. Kront, in Home-Maker.
Hell Gate.
Lo, where deep sunken reefs of passion hide
Beneath the troubled waters of my life!
Sharper than poisoned dart or keenest knife,
The memory of my sin abides upon the tide.
Red as with blood, my fairest hopes have died,
My golden freights, forsaken in the strife,
Unheeded lie and every wave is rife
With ruin, wrought by hate and doubt, and
pride.

God save my need, and know the remedy,
The mighty grief that could my heart control,
His touch electric, softly, tenderly,
I feel the heart in my sole,
One great convulsion! Then the waves sweep
free
Along the deepened channel of my soul.

—Susan Mary Spaulding.
\$3.00—To Chicago and Return—\$3.00.
Via Pennsylvania Line. See notice elsewhere
in this paper.

NEW YORK STORE

(ESTABLISHED 1853.)

On MONDAY MORNING

We begin a week of Unparalleled Bargains. Our great object is to Reduce Stock, previous to Inventory. Whole lines of New and Seasonable Goods at about one-half actual value. Make out your lists and come early.

BARGAIN FOLLOWS BARGAIN
IN OUR GREAT
SILK : DEPARTMENT

The values we offer this week eclipse all former offerings.

2,000 yards fine 75c Wash Silk (a late arrival), cream ground, fancy stripes, on sale Monday morning at 39c.

HERE IS ANOTHER.

Our entire line of Canton Crepe de Chines, worth 75c, for 37½c.

THIS WILL TEMPT YOU.

We take our fine \$1.25 and \$1 figured India Silks, and give you a choice at 75c. All new this season.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ABOUT
LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS

Every lady wears them—every lady will buy them at these prices.

Our last week's Waist Sale was a great success. This will beat it.

40 dozen Ladies' \$2.50 Shirt Waists.

Your choice for 98c.

Satin-striped Silk Grenadine Waists; were \$6; now \$3.75.

Shrunken Summer Flannel Waists, were \$3.50; now \$2.39.

New lot of extra long Percale Waists, to be worn outside the dress, 75c goods, for 49c.

All in Cloak Room, second floor.

We cannot be approached for quantity, quality or price, in

WASH GOODS.

When we say this will be the greatest Wash Goods week of the year, we mean every word of it. Extra help, extra space, extra reductions on already reduced prices, is what will do it.

WHITE GOODS.

This is the biggest White Goods season in the dry goods history. More room—more new goods, such as Dotted and Figured Swisses, fine Sheer Lawn Plaids, India Linens, Nainsooks, etc. Our stock of White goods was nearly depleted, such has been the demand. But come on Monday for the new things.

A REGULAR CLEARANCE SALE IN
MILLINERY

Former price, cost or actual value plays no part in this sale. Don't lose sight of the great idea. We are going to reduce the stock regardless.

Choice of 50c Fancy Straws and Sailors, all colors and blacks (untrimmed), 12½c.

All those beautiful Flowers and Wreaths reduced from 50c to 21c.

About fifty \$3 stylish Trimmed Hats, now \$1.69. At just half price you can buy any of our fine imported pattern Hats and Bonnets.

SUMMER WOOL FABRICS

Our immense sweep of Dress Goods Counter devoted to a Monster Sale of SUMMER WOOL FABRICS.

One lot 50c and 65c fine French Challies will be displayed, and a choice given now, at 39c. Only one dress to a customer.

30 pieces Gossamer Wool Crepons, 40-inch goods, sold regularly for \$1.25. These go at 89c. All new shades.

One lot 42-inch Nuns' Veilings, all new shades; were 75c; choice, 50c, VERY SCARCE—Navy Blue Storm Serges. We have them from 49c to \$1.50.

ON FRONT BARGAIN COUNTER.

300 more of those elegant Embroidered India Linen Suits, 45 inches wide, all tints and colors. The first lot of 450 Suits sold in two days. This is the banner bargain in Embroidery. One day will close them. Think of it—29c a yard—a whole suit for \$1.31. Worth three times as much.

Attend the Great CLEARANCE SALE in the Basement

Screen Doors, Refrigerators, Ice-cream Freezers, Baby Carriages, Lawn Mowers, Garden Hose, etc., all at inventory prices.

Buy a Handsome Suit of Clothes for the Boy at about Half Price. Sale all this week.

Boys' Clothing, second floor.

Owing to the great success of our ICE-CREAM offer, as attested by hundreds of visitors to our Ice-Cream Parlors on Saturday afternoon and evening, we extend the offer until further notice. From 2 p. m. each day until closing time, we shall sell delicious Ice-cream at 5c a plate.

Ice-cream Parlors, fourth floor.

PETTIS DRY GOODS CO.

MR. LANDERS WAS OUTDONE

An Incident That Characterized the Porter-Landers Campaign of 1880.

His Ammunition Was Stolen—Why Col-nel Rice Doesn't Write Poetry—The Job-tail Flush—Many Short and Striking Stories.

An incident of the campaign of 1880, when Albert G. Porter and Franklin Landers, as the rival candidates for Governor, made a joint canvass of the State, has never yet appeared in print. The series of joint discussions were nearing a wind-up, and Landers' prospects had not improved as the result of his bout with Mr. Porter. On this occasion the two candidates were billed to measure lances at Frankfort, Indiana, was then still an October State. Tremendous issues hung on the result of the State election in Indiana, the campaign had reached an almost unprecedented stage of interest and excitement and the Porter-Landers joint discussions were attracting thousands and thousands of people. The affair at Frankfort was billed for 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The champions of the two parties arrived in town during the morning. Soon after his arrival Mr. Landers confidentially communicated to a friend that he was going to spring something on Porter that would make his hair curl, and turn the tide that had apparently set in against the Democratic ticket. The fact that Mr. Landers was loaded with something that would eternally smash Porter percolated from one to another, and, finally, an hour or two before the hour set for the meeting it reached the ears of Mr. Porter. The latter was utterly at sea as to the size or complexion of Mr. Landers' mare's nest, and, naturally, he was somewhat concerned. He communicated his dilemma to a trusted friend and the latter promised to help him. By some hook or crook, just how it matters not, Mr. Porter's friend learned that Landers had dug up an old speech of Porter delivered in Congress about 1858 on the slavery question. The question of negro rights was cutting a marked figure in the campaign of 1880, and in the light of the Emancipation Proclamation and the civil rights bill some of the Republican speeches in Congress prior to the sixties appeared imbued with rank heresy. The speech of Mr. Porter was of a character somewhat conciliatory toward the South, and was all right at the time, but twenty years later it was vastly different.

By means of this tip Mr. Porter was able to locate the speech and the date of it. He found a friend in Frankfort who had a copy of the Congressional Record covering that period, and he secured a copy of the speech.

There was a tremendous outpouring of Democratic and Republicans that day, more than could get within hearing distance. When Porter mounted the stand his competitor was already there, smiling, serene and with an air of confidence that had before been entirely lacking. In his hand he carried three or four sheets of closely-written paper, and these Porter richly guessed contained a copy of the unfortunate speech with which Landers intended to pulverize him.

It happened that on that day Porter had the opening speech, and he had previously determined upon the course he would pursue. He dwelt briefly upon the questions of finance, tariff, etc., and was soon dealing somewhat conciliatory toward the South, negro oppression and the suppression of the negro vote. The eyes of Landers meantime sparkled and it was apparent that he was anxious for a go at his enemy. Porter closed his address with a description of the progress the negro had made and adverted at length to the revolution that was gradually taking place in public opinion relative to abolition, civil rights, etc. The Democratic party, he charged, was the only organization that was not in earnest against the negro. He refused to change its attitude toward the black man. "The time was," said Mr. Porter, "when the Republican party was not in right on this great question. There was a time

when it temporized with this monster evil. Step at a time it has advanced toward the right moral position. It now occupies. Some of the utterances of the leaders and founders of the Republican party before the war would jar harshly on the ears of its present supporters. I was a member of Congress in 1858. None of you now would question that I stand square on the doctrine that the emancipation of the slaves was right, and that their investiture with all the rights of citizenship is the duty of the hour. And my friends, to show you how far we have progressed on the subject, let me read you an extract from a speech I delivered in Congress in 1858.

With this Mr. Porter sprung on his hearers the same speech with which Landers was going to ruin him. The narrator states that the effect on Landers of this turning of his campaign powder was comical. As Porter read Landers stared and gasped, then opened his own manuscript and followed the reading through. As he saw his ammunition slipping away his jaw dropped. He appeared to have lost all interest in the proceedings. He looked at Porter, and then again scanned his lines, as though trying to realize what had happened. He had just folded it up and put it away when Mr. Porter, who had adroitly solved himself, finished his allotted time and sat down.

Mr. Landers was introduced in the midst of his discomfiture, and the manner in which he was acquitted did not better his chances for success. Possibly up to date Mr. Landers may have labored under the impression that his ammunition was not stolen, but he was accidentally, should his eye happen to light on this he will know it was a plain case of larceny.

The man who has avoided the poker table and the faro lay-out, who affects a familiarity with the expressions of gamblers, is as likely to get caught up as the worldly and sinful citizen who attempts to enrich his sayings and productions with quotations from the Scriptures.

Illustrating this a story is told. A very bluff, worldly and somewhat wicked proprietor of a newspaper had a managing editor who was a prominent Y. M. C. A. man, a class leader and an influential promoter of all that was good, Christian and moral. With all that he was a good politician, could grind out a good editorial and he looked the last-minute opportunist fariously and effectively. Several times he had been in print the expression, "A bob-tail flush." He thought he understood its meaning, it suited him and he sealed it away for use. Some time afterwards he used it, in speaking of a popular candidate for office, and he was surprised to find "as serenely confident as a man who sits behind a bob-tail flush."

Next day the proprietor came in and asked the managing editor who had written that editorial.

"I did," said the editor, with the air of a man who had gotten off a good thing.

"You did?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever sit behind a bob-tail flush?"

"No."

"Well I have. After this you'd better confine yourself to the Bible and I'll write the poker stories for this paper myself."

Apropos of haunted houses, Mr. Kriel, of this city, tells a little story. A certain gentleman, while on a visit to New Orleans, some years ago, saw a beautiful piece of property, a dwelling-house that he coveted, but did not care to pay the full value for it. The house, soon after his departure, became a scene of terror. At certain times of the night chains were heard ringing and soon after a form would appear, and the sound would be as a volcano. The family moved out and the house could not be rented. Numbers of people saw the object and heard the noises, and the house was catalogued as "haunted" without any discussion. Five hundred dollars was offered by the owner of the property for the solving of the mysterious phenomenon. Two sailors saw the proposition in the Picayune, and being a little short of money, armed themselves with guns, knives and dark lanterns, and went to the house. At the prescribed time the noises began and the figure of a man in a white sheet was seen. The sailors fired, and the figure was seen near a landing, and, when

the ghost was in certain ranks, one of the sailors told it to hold up its hands and surrender or he would give it a ballast of lead. The ghost, with a sensible appreciation of the surroundings, held up its hands and was decapitated by the owner of the property, chains and all. The family moved back, the ghost left the city summarily, and the sailors went on a terrible spree.

"The tyro-writer," remarked James Henry Rice, "must be a sweet boon to the poet."

"How so?" inquired the listener.

"It saves him from mutilation by the printer and proof-reader. When I was a young man," said Mr. Rice, pausing to reflect over the lapse of years, "I had an idea that I could write poetry. My soul seemed full of it. Everything run into rhyme. I wrote a good deal, but did not send any to the printer, though the poets' corner of the county paper yawned for me. But one, one fatal day, I did send something—a little thing I had dashed off—to the paper. It was a gem, but I humbly signed it 'Anon.' When the paper came out I got one of the first copies and hid me to my chamber. With trembling anticipation unfolded the moist sheet. Yea, there it was. My soul glowed with rapture. Then I began to read it. Hello, what's this! I had written:

"Lying by a weeping willow
Underneath a weeping willow—
"The confounded types made it
"Lying by a weeping willow
To induce her to elope."

When another mutilation caught my eye, I had written:

"Take away the jangling money
It is only glittering dross—
"And here it was given—
"Take away the jangling monkeys
On a sorely gaudied horse."

"I haven't written any poetry since—not even a campaign song."

"The streets of this city," said the Professor, "show some of the most absurd specimens of xylography."

"Of what—what?" asked Anxious Inquirer, with a look of pain on his face.

"Xylography—a hem—wood-carving," said the Professor.

The Anxious shook his head doubtfully. He opened his mouth as if to ask further illumination, but fearing the Professor might plinge him into deeper and darker depths, he rasped once or twice feebly and said nothing.

"By wood-carving," said the Professor, with a university extension smile, "I refer to the trimming of the abominable foliage of shade trees. It's a kind of monomania in which I sometimes indulge."

The Anxious was still staring his eyes in apparently helpless agony, but he said nothing.

"The arborist artist, he who cuts or trims the tree in contradistinction to the bonsai artist who trims the hair, falls far short of improving nature. When a shade tree," pursued the Professor with rising indignation, "gets into the hands of one of these botchery fellows he proceeds to mutilate it beyond all likeness to anything in nature. When I walk along our streets and see line after line of trees that would be beautiful if nature had been left to trim them, now—ahem—mere arborist horrors, my indignation rises and and—I get mad. What's the city needs as bad as anything I know of is a city forester."

"The latest novelty in patents that I have noticed," said H. P. Hood, patent solicitor, "is a milk-pitcher with a pocket near the top for a milk ticket. Another thing is a domestic refrigerator, a machine for producing cold by means of ammonia, and run by water motor. It is the invention of a Cleveland man. I mean from the city of Cleveland, of course, and with it one may be entirely independent of the ice-man. I do not think the machine will cost more than \$25 and it could also be used to regulate the temperature of the house on warm days. During the week ending June 7, 531 patents were issued, of which 410 were to American and sixty-one to foreign inventors. The proportion issued to foreign inventors seems unusually large."

From time to time allusions have crept into history about Jordan being a hard road to travel. The unfortunate patrons



THE NEW CASTLE HALL.